

seen to-day, thou would go down on thy knees and thank God, day and night, for thy good husband and thy good home. Thou hast wanted for nothing."

"I have wanted a great many things—things John promised me when I married him."

"Could John foresee this trouble? For shame of thyself, Salome Denby! Listen, and I'll tell thee what I saw this morning. I went into a cellar where a woman was dying—dying of hunger, lass! Her sucking baby died yesterday. A broken-down, broken-hearted man crouched by a grate full of cold ashes. Seven bits of children stood or lay about the room. There was not a thing to sit down on; they had parted with the last chair for a mouthful of bread. A boy six years old was cramming an empty spoon down his mouth; he was trying to make himself believe he was eating. One, two years old, with a face like death, and arms and legs like sticks of bone, was lying motionless on the floor. When I brought some hot soup to them, the children fairly screamed, and one little lass, trying to get to me, tottered and fell, she was that faint and weak. I am telling thee the truth, and thou need not look so scornful."

"I have my sorrows too, and what other people suffer does not help me."

"Ay, but thou art a hard-hearted lass! Nobody need look to thee for help or comfort—thou art too busy pitying thyself. Come now, Salome, I mean nothing unkind. I dare say thou hast had a right down poorly spell, but thou should try and say a helpful word to John at this time."

"He should say a helpful word to me, I think. Instead of that he is always helping strangers. Oh, I knew all about it!"

"Thou knows nothing about it, nothing at all! Thou art full of suspicions that thou ought to be ashamed to give heart-room to. Josiah Yorke has worked for John nigh on twenty years. He is a quiet man, that nobody heard much of till he sent for me this morning. He has been very comfortably off. I used often to notice his pretty flower garden, and his tidy parlour full of books, and pictures of great Methodist preachers. I found him in one poor, bare room."

"With a dozen children, I dare say."

"Thou art far wrong. There was only one child there—a baby a month old, the child of his daughter Sarah. It lay in the arms of its great-grandmother, who is ninety-nine years old. Think of that, Salome! She was born when Dr. Johnson was walking about London; she was married when the French Revolution broke out; she had turned middle age when Waterloo was fought. And yet she could talk pleasantly to me; and as for the famine, she knew all about it. Josiah's sons and daughters have all been out of work for more than a year, and